

t'es beau by mvrcredi

Series: [french!richie AUs \[1\]](#)

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Genre: Domestic, Established Relationship, French Characters, Lazy Mornings, M/M, Married Couple, Soft Richie Tozier, also richie speaks french, because I said so

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Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Richie speaks French in the mornings because it's his first language and takes less brain power to process. Eddie doesn't mind.

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Eddie could hear the heavy footsteps of his husband as Richie made his way to the kitchen, likely roused by the smell of breakfast throughout the apartment. It's almost zombie-like, Richie's morning ritual. The groaning, the slow, thudding steps. Eddie smiles to himself when Richie snakes his arms around his waist, burying his face in Eddie's neck.

"Morning, 'Chee," Eddie hums.

Richie grunts, and starts pressing soft kisses on Eddie's skin. "*T'es beau,*" he mumbles.

"Thanks, Rich, but you're gonna have to move unless you want me to burn your omelette."

Richie grunts again, reluctantly detaching himself from Eddie. He drags his feet on his way to the mug cupboard. Eddie watches, then shakes his head, moving to push the omelette onto a plate.

"You know you're supposed to lift your feet, right?" Eddie says over his shoulder.

"*Tais-toi,*" Richie grumbles. He's leaning against the counter, coffee in hand. His glasses have been steamed up, and Eddie laughs. Richie makes a sad attempt at flipping him off.

Eddie sets the food on the table, and Richie begrudgingly moves from his spot to eat. It would take at *least* two cups of coffee before he was even semi-responsive.

Richie blinks slowly, scanning the table as he sits. "*C'est où le poivre?*"

"We need to go to the store, remember? To fuel your pepper addiction? Today's grocery day," Eddie reminds him gently. He starts into his food.

"Gross," Richie frowns. "*Peut-on rester ici?*"

Eddie finishes chewing and sighs, placing his fork on the table. "No,

Richie. I don't know how many times I need to explain. I understand you are a complete disaster of a human—and shouldn't have realistically made it this long without me—but I am not. It's good to pick up a few normal habits, too, y'know."

Richie sits back in his chair, looking Eddie up and down. "I don't understand how you do it. *Mon dieu, t'es un cul.*"

"Fuck you." Eddie flings a stray piece of chopped red pepper across the table. "I should just file for a divorce right now. Before it's too late."

Richie grins. "*Je pense qu'il est déjà trop tard.*"

Eddie rolls his eyes, albeit fondly. "Fuckin' right it's too late. Lord knows marrying you was the equivalent of selling my soul to the devil. Eternal and damning. I am in hell. This is hell. I'm paying for my sins."

"*Quels péchés?* Like last night when y—"

"*Richie!*" Eddie exclaims, his cheeks warming. No matter how many years went by, Eddie would never be fully conditioned to the sexual jokes involving *him*. Sonia, sure, but himself? Impossible.

Richie winks, then proceeds to dig into his breakfast. They eat in content silence, as per usual. Richie wordlessly takes the plates to the kitchen when they're finished, placing them in the sink. He washes them, a chore that had surprisingly come with no coercion from Eddie. Richie had once admitted he found it calming, oddly enough. Something about a sense of normalcy and stability. Too bad that didn't apply to anything else he did.

"Bev said they would call sometime this morning," Eddie informs Richie in passing. He opens up his laptop. "We can wait on that before I make you get dressed."

Richie snorts. "*Merci pour ta générosité. Vraiment.*"

"*De rien.*" Eddie sticks his tongue out. "You might want to kickstart your brain, though. Unfortunately for you, neither Bev nor Ben know much French."

“But *mon cerveau!*” Richie whines.

Eddie rolls his eyes. “I don’t care if your brain hurts. You can speak French to me later.”

Richie lights up instantly. “Yes, *please.*”

Just as Richie is about to try to make a sexual joke, Eddie’s screen lights up with a call request from ‘Molly Ringwald.’ Richie races to accept it.

“*Bonjour, mes chéries!* Eds insists I suppress my heritage in order to speak with my fellow Americans,” Richie sighs dramatically. Eddie punches his shoulder. Richie frowns and rubs his arm while Ben and Bev laugh from the other side of the video call.

Beverly shakes her head. “Not our fault you grew up in the pinnacle of luxury, Mr. I-speak-three-languages-fluently.”

“Apologies for being so cultural,” Richie sniffs. “Anyways, what’s going on with you two lovebirds?”

Bev delves into her and Ben’s current ongoings—Ben with a big, new project, Beverly with a new collection. So on. Richie and Eddie interject when need be, contributing when necessary. It was always nice to talk to the other Losers. It was just Their Thing. When they finally end the call, Richie drops his head onto Eddie’s shoulder.

“My brain hurts.”

“Yeah, okay.” Eddie pats his cheek. “Suck it up, dickwad. Your privilege is showing.”

“Privilege?! You’re just jealous,” Richie pouts. He turns and digs his chin into Eddie’s shoulder. “Now... *t’as dit quelque chose sur parler français?*”

Eddie scoffs, but takes Richie by his shirt collar and begins to drag him back towards their bedroom.

“We still have to get groceries today. This doesn’t change anything.”

Richie groans, but doesn't protest any further when Eddie pulls him in for a deep, dirty kiss.

Author's Note:

hi i would like to say that i stan hispanic richie more than my own life but unfortunately i know more french. anyways.

in this au he does also speak spanish because i've decided wentworth was french and maggie hispanic. and well. you know. richie was an absolute sponge as a kid. sorry but i don't make the rules.

also apologies for the character inaccuracies. this is my first time writing reddie and i'm still figuring out their dynamic and characterization !

hope you enjoyed !